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Miscellaneous.

From "Harper's Magazine."

Voyage in Search of Sir John Franklin.

"In the evening both vessels had to move into another position, in consequence of the bergs approaching too closely toward us. To watch these mountain, icy monsters in a calm, as they slowly and silently, yet surely and determinedly, move about in the narrow sheet of water by which they chance to be encompassed, one could well imagine that it was some huge mysterious thing, possessed of life, and bent on the fell purpose of destruction. Onward it almost imperceptibly glides, until reaching an opposing floe, it forces its way far through the solid ice, plowing up the pieces and throwing them aside in hilly heaps with a force and power apparently incredible. Should it happen that an impetus is given to it by wind, or other causes besides those thus occasioned by the tide, or current, it is mighty in its strength, and terrific in the desolation it produces. Nothing can save a ship if thus caught by one, as was the case in the memorable and fatal year of 1830, in this very bay, when vessels were 'squeezed flat'—

'reared up by the ice, almost in the position of a rearing horse; others thrown fairly over on their broadsides and some actually overrun by the advancing floe, and totally buried by ice.

The obstructions presented by the ice continued to increase so that in a whole fortnight, in spite of the most strenuous exertions, they made only twelve miles in their northward course. And even this, as they subsequently learned, was more than was performed by the government expedition, which was five weeks in advancing thirty miles. On the third of August, in Melville's Bay, night closed in upon the 'Prince Albert' in a dangerous position."

"There was still more danger now, on account of the heavier and worse kind of ice about us. Several bergs and rugged hummocks were in very close quarters to us. At four A. M. we had again to unship the rudder; and this we could hardly do, in consequence of being completely beset. The 'Felix' was just ahead; but not a particle of water any where near or around us could be seen. Several times both vessels were in extreme danger; and once we sustained a rather heavy pressure, being canted

over on the starboard side most unpleasantly. But the 'Prince Albert' stood it well; although it was painfully evident, that should the heavy outer floes still keep setting in upon those which inclosed us, nothing could save her. To describe our position at this moment, it will be only necessary to observe that both vessels were as completely in the ice, as if they had dropped into it from on high and frozen there. It had been impossible for me to sleep during the night in consequence of the constant harsh grating sound that the floes caused as they slowly and heavily moved along or upon the ship's side, crushing their outer edges with a most unpleasant noise close to my ear. My sleeping berth was half under and half above the level of the water, when the ship was on an even keel. In the morning I heard the grating sound still stronger and close to me; I threw myself off the bed and went on deck. From the deck I jumped on to the ice and had a look how it was serving the poor little vessel. Under her stern I perceived large masses crushed up in a frightful manner, and with terrific force, sufficient, I thought, to have knocked her whole counter in. My only wonder was, how she stood it, but an explanation independent of her own good strength, was soon presented to me in the fact that the floe I was standing on was moving right round, and grinding in its progress all lesser pieces in its way. This was the cause of safety to ourselves and the 'Felix.' Had the heavy bodies of ice been impelled directly towards us, as we at first feared they would be, instead of passing us in an angular direction, we should both, most assuredly, have been crushed like an egg-shell. The very *bergs*, or the *floating* ones, near which we had been fast on the previous day, were aided in the impetus given by the tide or current to the masses now in motion; and most providential was it that no wind was blowing from the adverse quarter at the time. Upon each side of the ship the floes were solid and of great thickness, and pressing closely upon her timbers. Under the bow, several rough pieces had been thrown

up nearly as high as the level of the bowsprit, and these were in constant change, as the larger masses drove by them.

"I ascended on deck, and found all the preparations for taking to the ice, if necessary, renewed. Spirits of wine, for portable fuel, had been drawn off, and placed handy; bags of bread, pemmican, &c., were all in readiness; and nothing was wanting in the event of a too heavy squeeze coming. We could perceive that sooner or later, a collision between the two floes, the one on our larboard and the other on our starboard side, must take place, as the former had not near so much motion as the latter; but where this collision would occur was impossible to say. Between the 'Felix' and us, the passage was blocked principally by the same sort of pieces that I have mentioned as lying under our bow; and astern of us were several small bergs that might or might not be of service in breaking the collision. Very fortunately they proved the former; for, presently, I could perceive the floe on our starboard hand, as it came crushing and grinding all near it, in its circular movement, catch one of its extreme corners on a large block of ice a short distance astern, and by the force of the pressure drive it into the opposite floe, rending and tearing all before it; while at the same time itself rebounded, as it were, or swerved on one side, and glided more softly and with a relaxed pressure past us. This was the last trial of the kind our little 'Prince' had to endure; for afterwards a gradual slackening of the whole body of ice took place, and at ten it opened to the southward. We immediately shipped the rudder, and began heaving, warping, and tracking the ship through the loose masses that lay in that, the only direction for us now to pursue, if we wished to get clear at all."

On the 10th of August, as the sun, which now never sunk below the horizon, rose above a low-lying fog-bank, one of the government expeditions was seen emerging from the mist. The expedition consisted of two screw steamers, each having a

sailing vessel in tow. A strange sight it was to see these steamers—the first that ever burst into that silent sea—gliding along amid the eternal ice of the arctic circle. They proved of great service in breaking through the ice, dashing them on against the massy barriers; then backing astern, to gain headway, and repeating the manœuvre until a passage was forced. When the ice was too thick to be broken in this manner, a hole was drilled in it, into which a powder-cylinder was placed, the mine fired, and the fragments dragged out by the steamers. The “Prince Albert” and “Felix” were taken in tow, for some three hundred miles by the steamers. Mr. Snow gives the following sketch and description of the Arctic Discovery Ships at Midnight.

“I have before made mention of the remarkable stillness which may be observed at midnight in these regions; but not until now did it come upon me with such force, and in such a singular manner. I cannot attempt to describe the mingled sensations I experienced, of constant surprise and amazement at the extraordinary occurrence then taking place in the waters I was gazing upon, and of renewed hope, mellowed into a quiet, holy, and reverential feeling of gratitude toward that mighty Being, who in this solemn silence, reigned alike supreme, as in the busy hour of noon when man is eager at his toil, or the custom of the civilized world gives to business active life and vigor. Save the distant humming noise of the engine working on board of the steamer towing us, there was no sound to be heard denoting the existence of any living thing, or of any animate matter. Yet there we were, perceptibly, nay, rapidly, gliding past the land and floes of ice, as though some secret and mysterious power had been set to work to carry us swiftly away from those vexations, harassing, and delaying portions of our voyage, in which we had already experienced so much trouble and perplexity. The leading vessels had passed all the parts where any further difficulty might have been apprehended, and this of course gave to us in the rear a sense of perfect security for the pre-

sent. All hands, therefore, except the middle watch on deck, were below in our respective vessels; and, as I looked forward ahead of us, and beheld the long line of masts and rigging that rose up from each ship before me, without any sail set, or any apparent motion to propel such masses onward, and without a single human voice to be heard around, it did seem something wonderful and amazing! And yet, it was a noble sight: six vessels were casting their long shadows across the smooth surface of the passing floes of ice, as the sun, with mellowed light, and gentler, but still beautiful lustre, was soaring through the polar sky, at the back of Melville's Cape. Aye, in truth it was a noble sight; and well could I look upward to the steaming pendant of my own dear country that hung listlessly from the mast-head of the “Assistance,” and feel the highest satisfaction in my breast that I, too, was one of her children, and could boast myself of being born on her own free soil, under her own revered and idolized flag. But even as I beheld that listless symbol of my country's name, pendant from the lofty truck, my glance was directed higher; and as it caught the pale blue firmament of heaven, still in this midnight hour divested of star or moon that shine by night, and brightened by the sun; my heart breathed a prayer that He, who dwells far beyond the ken of mortal eye, would deign to grant that the attempt now making should not be made in vain, but that those whom we were now on our way to seek might be found and restored to their home and sorrowing friends; and that, until then, full support and strength might be afforded them.”

After parting company with the other vessels, the “Prince Albert” stood on her way westward, until they almost reached the spot where it had been proposed to winter, and where the design of the expedition would begin to be put in execution. But they found the harbor which they had proposed to enter blocked up with ice; and so unaccountable a discouragement came over the expedition, that on the 22d of August a sudden resolution was taken to return forthwith.

The Journal of Mr. Snow is extremely guarded as to the reasons for this determination. The vessel had performed admirably; every preparation had been made for wintering; they were provisioned for two years; the crew were in excellent health: and yet the whole expedition, which had been fitted out at such a sacrifice, was abandoned, almost before it was fairly begun. We are led to infer that the true reason was that the officers in command had not the cool, determined courage requisite for such a charge. But we are sure that such a deficiency cannot be laid to the charge of our author. From this time forth a tone of deep and bitter chagrin runs through the Journal at this inglorious termination of the expedition. It was no small addition to this feeling of intense mortification, that on the very day when they determined to abandon the enterprise, and return home, the American Expedition fitted out by Mr. Grinnell, which they had seen, a fortnight before, blocked up by ice, as they supposed, in Melville's Bay, but which had now overtaken them, notwithstanding their own tow by the steamers, was seen boldly pressing its way where they themselves dared not follow. Notwithstanding this feeling of mortification, Mr. Snow has too intense a sympathy with daring and courage, ennobled by high and philanthropic purpose, to fail to do ample justice to the American Relief Expedition.

"Large pieces of ice were floating about, and setting rapidly up the inlet. We had to stand away for some distance, to round the edge of this stream; and as we approached the far end, we perceived that a vessel, which we had some time before seen, was apparently standing right in toward us. At first, we took her to be Sir John Ross's schooner, the 'Felix,' but a few moments more settled the point, by her size and rig being different, and her colors being displayed, which proved her to be one of the 'Americans!' All idea of sleep was now instantly banished from me. The American vessels already up here, when we had fancied them still in Melville's Bay, not far from where we had left them

on the 6th instant! Much as I knew of the enterprising and daring spirit of our transatlantic brethren, I could not help being astonished. They must have had either some extraordinary luck, or else the ice had suddenly and most effectually broken up to admit of their exit, unaided by steam or other help, in so short a time. I felt, however, a pleasure in thus finding my repeated observations concerning them so thoroughly verified; and I was not sorry for themselves that they were here. All exclusive nationality was done away with. We were all engaged in the same noble cause; we were all striving forward in the same animating and exciting race, and none should envy the other his advance therein. We showed our colors to him; and Captain Forsyth immediately determined to go on board of him, and see whether the same plan of search for him was laid out as for us. The boat was lowered, and in a short time we were standing on the deck of the 'Advance,' Lieutenant De Haven, of the American Navy, and most cordially received, with their accustomed hospitality, by our transatlantic friends.

"The 'Advance' was most extraordinarily fortified to resist any pressure of the ice, and to enable her to force her way against such impediments as those she encountered this evening. Her bow was one solid mass of timber—I believe I am right in saying, from the foremast. Her timbers were increased in size and number, so that she might well be said to have been doubled inside as well as out. Her deck was also doubled, then felted, and again lined inside, while her cabin had, in addition, a sheathing of cork. The after-part of the vessel was remarkably strong; and a movable bulkhead, which ran across the forepart of the cabin, could at any time be unshipped to afford a free communication fore and aft when needed. The crew, if I remember rightly, lived in a strongly built 'round house' on deck, amidships, one end of which was converted into a cook-house, called a 'galley,' and another 'the pantry.' Ten men formed the number of the working seamen; there were no 'ice-

masters,' nor regular 'ice-men:' but most of the sailors were long accustomed to the ice. A steward and a cook completed the full complement of the ship. The officers lived in a truly republican manner. The whole cabin was thrown into one spacious room, in which captains, mates, and surgeon lived together. Their sleeping berths were built around it, and appeared to possess every accommodation to make them comfortable.

"The 'Advance' was one of two vessels (the other being the 'Rescue'—a smaller craft) that had been bought and fitted out in the most noble and generous manner, solely by one individual—HENRY GRINNELL, Esq., a merchant of New-York. This truly great and good man had long felt his heart yearn toward the lost ones, whom we were now seeking, and their friends; and desiring to redeem the partial pledge given by the government of the United States to Lady Franklin, he yielded to the strong impulses awakened by some of her private letters, which he had had the opportunity of reading, and being blest with an ample fortune, he determined to employ no small portion of it in sending out at his own expense an expedition to this quarter of the world, to aid in the search that England was making this year after her gallant children. It required, however, not a trifling sum to accomplish this, and I well know with what distrust and doubt of its fulfilment the first notice of his intentions was received in New York and elsewhere, when publicly made known. But he was not a man, it has appeared, to promise what he means not, or can not perform. At a very heavy outlay he purchased two vessels, one of, I believe, 125 tons, and the other of 95 tons, and had them strengthened and prepared in a most efficient manner for the service they were to enter upon. Applying to Congress, then assembled, he got these ships received into the naval force, and brought under naval authority. Officers and crews were appointed by the Board of Administration for Maritime Affairs, and the government, moreover, agreed to pay them as if in regular service; making an additional allowance on each pay,

of a grade in rank above. This having been accomplished, and all things in readiness, on the 24th of May, 1850, he had the satisfaction of seeing his two ships and their brave crews depart from New York on their generous mission. He accompanied them himself for some distance, and finally bid them farewell on the 26th, returning in his yacht to the city, where, as he has often declared, he can sit down now in peace, and be ready to lay his head at rest forever; knowing that he has done his duty, and striven to perform the part of a faithful steward with the wealth which he enjoys.

"The 'Advance' was manned by sixteen persons, officers included. Her commander, Lieutenant De Haven, a young man of about twenty-six years of age, had served in the United States exploring expedition, under Commodore Wilkes, in the Antarctic Seas. He seemed as fine a specimen of a seamen, and a rough and ready officer, as I had ever seen. Nor was he at all deficient in the characteristics of a true gentleman, although the cognomen is so often misapplied and ill-understood. With a sharp, quick eye, a countenance bronzed and apparently inured to all weathers, his voice gave unmistakable signs of energy, promptitude, and decision. There was no mistaking the man. He was undoubtedly well-fitted to lead such an expedition, and I felt charmed to see it.

"His second in command (for they were very differently organized from us) was still younger and more slim, but withal of equally determined and sailorlike appearance. Next to him was a junior officer, of whom I saw but little; but that little was enough to tell me that the executives under Captain De Haven would be efficient auxiliaries to him. Last of all, though not least among them, was one of whom I must be excused for saying more than a casual word or two. It was Dr. Kane, the surgeon, naturalist, journalist, &c., of the expedition. Of an exceedingly slim and apparently fragile form and make, and with features to all appearance far more suited to a genial clime, and to the comforts of a pleasant home, than to the roughness and hardships of an arctic voyage

he was yet a very old traveller both by sea and land. His rank as a surgeon in the American navy, and his appointment, at three days' notice, to this service, were sufficient proof of his abilities, and of his being considered capable of enduring all that would have to be gone through. While our captain was talking to the American commander, Dr. Kane turned his attention to me, and a congeniality of sentiment and feeling soon brought us deep into pleasant conversation. I found he had been to many parts of the world, by sea and land, that I myself had visited, and in many other parts that I could only long to visit. Old scenes and delightful recollections were speedily revived. Our talk ran wild; and *there*, in that cold, inhospitable, dreary region of everlasting ice and snow, did we again, in fancy, gallop over miles and miles of lands far distant, and far more joyous. Ever-smiling Italy, and its softening life; sturdy Switzerland, and its hardy sons; the Alps, the Apennines, France, Germany, and elsewhere, were rapidly wandered over. India, Africa, and Southern America were brought before us in quick succession. Then came Spain and Portugal, and my own England; next appeared Egypt, Syria, and the Desert; with all of these was he personally familiar, in all had he been a traveller, and in all could I join him, too, except the latter. Rich in anecdote and full of pleasing talk, time flew rapidly as I conversed with him, and partook of the hospitality offered me. Delighted at the knowledge that I had been residing for some time in New York, he tried all he could to make me enjoy the moment."

After parting with the American Expedition, the "Prince Albert" took her homeward way, reaching Aberdeen on the 1st of October. "As it was quite dark," says Mr. Snow, "few witnessed our arrival, and I was not sorry for it. Had we returned fortunate, it would have been different; as it was, why, the night was, as I thought, better suited to our condition. The "Prince Albert" brought the latest tidings received of the "Advance" and "Rescue," when

BROTHER JONATHAN GIVES JOHN BULL "A LEAD."

"If I had ever before doubted the daring and enterprising character of the American, what I saw and heard on board of the 'Advance' would have removed such doubt; but these peculiar features in the children of the Stars and Stripes were always apparent to me, and admiringly acknowledged. I was given a brief history of their voyage to the present time, as also an outline of their future plans. They intended to push on wherever they could, this way or that way, as might be found best, in the direction of Melville Island, and parts adjacent, especially Banks' Land; and they meant to winter wherever they might chance to be, in the Pack or out of the Pack. As long as they could be moving or making any progress, in any direction that might assist in the object for which they had come, they meant still to be going on, and, with the true characteristic of the American, cared for no obstacles or impediments that might arise in their way. Neither fears, nor the necessary caution which might easily be alleged as an excuse for hesitation or delay, at periods when any thing like fancied danger appeared, was to deter them. Happy fellows! thought I: no fair winds nor opening prospects will be lost with you; no dissension or incompetency among your executive officers exist to stay your progress. Bent upon one errand alone, your minds set upon *that* before you embarked, no trifles nor common danger will prevent you daring everything for the carrying out of your mission. Go on, then, brave sons of America, and may at least some share of prosperity and success attend your noble exertions!

"If ever a vessel and her officers were capable of going through an undertaking in which more than ordinary difficulties had to be encountered, I had no doubt it would be the American; and this was evinced to me, even while we were on board, by the apparently reckless way in which they dashed through the streams of heavy ice running off from Leopold Island. I happened to go on deck when they were thus engaged, and was delighted to

witness how gallantly they put aside every impediment in their way. An officer was standing on the heel of the bowsprit, conning the ship, and issuing his orders to the man at the wheel in that short, decisive, yet *clear* manner, which the helmsman at once well understood, and promptly obeyed. There was not a rag of canvass taken in, nor a moment's hesitation. The way was before them; the stream of ice had to either be gone through boldly or a long *detour* made; and, despite the heaviness of the stream, *they pushed the vessel through in her proper course.* Two or three shocks, as she came in contact with some large pieces, were unheeded; and the moment the last block was past the bow, the officer sung out, 'So; steady as she goes on her course;' and came aft as if nothing more than ordinary sailing had been going on. I observed our own little barky nobly following in the American's wake; and, as I afterward learned, she got through it pretty well, though not without much doubt of the propriety of keeping on in such procedure after the 'mad Yankee,' as he was called by our mate."

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For the Sailors Magazine.

Pitcairn Island; or, the Mutineer Colony.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1851.

PELATIAH PERIT, Esq.,

DEAR SIR.—By your kind request, I will attempt to give a description of Pitcairn Island, with its interesting inhabitants. Ill health and medical advice led me, in the fall of 1836, to join, as ship's carpenter, the ship *Cyrus*, then fitting from Martha's Vineyard, for a voyage, of from two to four years, to the Pacific, in quest of Sperm Whale. This was the beginning of my voyaging. Like other young men, I looked forward with pleasure and interest to strange and exciting scenes in this new adventure; and though, from that date, I continued to follow the sea until the year 1847, mingling with men, the civilized and the rude—yet I view this first voyage, including my call at Pitcairn Island, one of the greatest interest. After touching at various places on the Chili and Peru coast, we ran off

to the Westward on the Equator, and took up our permanent cruising ground in 122° West. Our first cruise was long, embracing nearly eight months; sharp up to the trades to-day in north latitude, and to-morrow in south, with moderate success in capturing whales. The sight of land again, after so many months, with only sea and sky to fill our vision in the distance, inspired me with joyful feelings; and although a poor poet, I imagined as we sailed close along with the low chain of Islands to the N. E. of Tahiti, all covered as they were with a heavy growth of cocoanut and palm, that I could make a few lines that would not offend the admirers of Thompson or Cowper, (and in this I am describing every sailor's feelings on approaching land after a long voyage.) In one short hour he experiences a flow of happy sensations that no landsman knows. Our visits to Tahiti were always pleasing, embracing a month at each call. Having read the journals of early navigators concerning this place, I viewed many places with interest. An aged missionary of the London Society, Mr. Wilson, gave me much attention, and pointed out the spot on Point Venus, (a beautiful tongue of land running out into the sea, covered with the rich foliage of the Tropics,) where Cook, Banks, and Solander were associated in 1769, with their Observatory, making observations on the Planet Venus. We also made several calls at the Marquesas. From Noaheeva, being our place of anchorage at this group, we made various excursions with the boats to the famous Typee Bay, and other points of the Island, to traffic for hogs. After looking with pleasure on the advanced state of civilization and Christianity of the Tahitians, in contrast to the wild grimaces or Pagan songs of the Noaheevas, we sailed for Pitcairn Island, in Latt. 25° 1' South, Long. 130° West, 28 days from Tahiti. On the 18th day of July, 1849, early at day light, saw the tops of the N. W. part of this Island, bearing East 20 miles distant. At 10 A. M., the houses of the village were in sight, making a beautiful appearance. Coast rough and iron bound. Shortly we received a visit by two canoes, conduct-

ed by George Adams and Mathew Quintal, with others of the young men of the Island. The management of the canoes in coming alongside was masterly; having a heavy sea to contend with, they not only got on board but managed to bring their canoes safe on deck. As ships seldom visit them, they seemed greatly pleased, and conversed fluently in good English, and with much intelligence; and pressing Capt. H. to visit the land and partake of their hospitalities, it was determined to recruit the ship with yams and potatoes at this place; and, best of all, that the armourer and myself should go on shore and cut wood, and burn a small pit of charcoal, which, at least, would require several days. Ship laying off and on during the night, next morning left by the boats conducted by Adams and Young. They brought us through a very heavy surf to a small sand beach, the only place accessible in heavy weather to land, passing on our right the spot where rests the remains of the tragic ship *Bounty*, on the bottom, in four fathom of water. On landing, we met a large portion of the inhabitants, old and young, of both sexes, by whom we were received with a hearty shake of the hand; all had a word of kindness to us, and much did it add to our happiness to hear all conversing in our language, as at the neighboring Islands, a strange jargon filled our ears. We ascended up the rocky path some 300 feet, very steep, and the only one to their landing. This Island is quite walled around, with steep and perpendicular rocks, some they pointed out as being designated by name: St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, &c. The people set to work digging and transporting yams down the steep path to the boats, while myself and companion and two of the young men set to cutting wood and to preparing a spot to set our pit. Promising ourselves ample time to survey this pretty place, and gratify our Yankee curiosity, after getting our fire started, (one only being necessary to attend,) we could have it watch and watch. There being no safe anchorage, the ship stood off and on; and some days was quite out of sight. At sun set we were led to the house of

Mr. John Buffet, formerly a sailor himself, and two others, being the only residents, not natives of the Island.—Mr. B. has been very useful in connection with Mr. George Nobbs, in teaching the children, the latter officiating as Chaplain. Here we were very bountifully supplied with supper, served up in our home style by his wife, formerly Mary Christian, daughter of the Chief Mutineer, Fletcher Christian. They never partake of food until first thanking God for it; in all my stay I never noticed an omission in old or young; often did I see the children presented with food to keep them still, and before tasting it, they would raise their little hands, and devoutly say these words:—“*For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful.*” Mrs. Buffet interested us with many enquiries at the table, showing much intelligence of mind. Her aged Tahitian mother, the only survivor of the old stock, was living with her, and had arrived at upwards of 90 years of age; she still retains her Tahiti language, with a mixture of English. She seemed fond of relating incidents of by-gone days, told of Captain Cook, in his visits to her parent land, and other early navigators. The thrilling incidents of the *Bounty* and fate of her husband and others, she alluded to with a look of sorrow. Of these, Mr. Quintal gave me a very full statement, and answering essentially to the account in No. 31 of Harper's Family Library. The old lady is still very active, and assists in the household affairs, and is much esteemed by the children. In the evening, the young people of both sexes, paid their compliments to us; they filled the large room, containing the library, and entertained us with conversation and singing. In sacred music they excel, and among others rehearsed a very affecting piece composed for a burial occasion of one of their number, that had been accidentally killed by a fall; their sweet voices as they distinctly articulated these affecting lines, left no room for dry eyes. One of the young people furnished me a copy of these lines, which I still hold in my possession. On retiring, Mr. B. led in family worship, reading the 46th chapter of

Isaiah, and offering prayer. Their sleeping apartments were fitted up with wide berths for the family. Myself and companion were provided with hammocks. Their bed coverings were manufactured from the bark of the banian or paper mulberry tree, the same as found at Tahiti. At early dawn I was awoke up by their devotions, singing sweetly the words, "The Lord my pasture shall prepare." All this seemed to be performed with so much simplicity and earnestness I could not help admiring it. We started to our wood cutting early in the morning; as we passed each dwelling on the path, we heard their voices engaged within, in their first-waking moments, in converse with Heaven. I have never been able to forget these sounds, the freshness of the morning, the pretty scenery around, their highly cultivated plots, laden with fruit and herbage, all glistening with the dew and the sweet fragrance that ravished my senses, and the sun just gilding from the Eastern sea, it seemed to me a second *Eden*. After getting our coal operations fairly under way, time was afforded us to run about the Island. One day's excursion was made for the purpose of cutting a stick of timber for an anchor stock for our ship. Several of the young men, headed by George Adams, accompanied me. We climbed a rocky ridge to the top of Westminster Abbey, and selected the desired tree. This they felled and squared, and then transported it over ridges that I could scarcely pass without any encumbrance, and launched it down the steep precipice to the landing. All was accomplished with the greatest ease. They are equally expert in the surf as on the cliffs. The French have held out various inducements of late to secure their services at the Gambier Islands, to engage in the pearl fisheries, but they say no inducement shall tempt them to leave their Island. Their little Island is some 8 miles N. W. and S. E., and 4 broad, the greater part of it exceedingly rough and rocky, mostly of a lava formation. The portion on the north side, where their dwellings are situated, is very fine, gently sloping toward the sea, and ending abruptly in the perpendicular wall

above the sea. Their cultivated plots are tastefully laid out, interspersed with young fruit trees of almost every variety. Their location is such that both tropical and high latitude fruits thrive equally well. Yams of an excellent quality are abundant, also potatoes; of the former they make a delicious kind of bread, mixed with coconut and bananas, called by them *Peli*. They have abundance of goats, pigs, and fowl. Rats, I believe, are the only destructive animal among them. As regards the claims of priority of settlement, the people have no advantage, they both came by the *Bounty*. The rats are very destructive to their sugar cane plots, by eating the roots, and consequently a continual warfare is waged upon them. The famous Banian tree flourishes there—one, very fine one, covering half an acre of ground, is situated between the cluster of houses and make a fine shady retreat, and shows to good advantage from the sea. Their houses range along fronting the sea, with their cultivated plots in front and to the right. Mr. Adams' house is at the western end of the cluster and the Christian house about the centre. They are neatly and substantially built, (one-and-a-half story high,) of wood, having two rooms of large size, being neat and airy; each house contains a fine library, sent them from England, of which they are very choice, and a large portion of this has found a lodging place in their heads. While there, I sought relics of the book kind from the *Bounty*.—They stated that books of light reading had been greatly sought and all carried away by visitors. Still they had two old Bibles, used formerly by John Adams, to teach the children. These they made me welcome to, one a small volume from the Christian family, and the other by John Adams' grandson, of the patriarchy of the Island. The former I gave, on my return, to Rev. Daniel M. Lord, of the Fort Hill Bethel in Boston, of which some notice was made at one of the Bible anniversaries by Rev. Mr. Rodgers of Boston. The other is in your possession, and you will please make such disposition of it as best suits you. The donors made apology for their rough, neglected ap-

pearance, and said they had been laid away for many years, since getting a supply from England. I told them I looked on these old books as the fountain from whence they had derived all that was good among them. "Yes," they say, "a great change appears among us from Mutineer fathers and Pagan mothers, from scenes of blood and tragedy, to our present peaceful state, and these old books, under God, have been instrumental of effecting it." I told them they might again hear from these old homely books. They are very careful of the morals of their children. On our boat's crew first coming on shore, they very modestly asked the officers to caution the sailors to be careful of their language, as their children would be exposed. I shall not soon forget the look of rebuke by George Adams, as one of our young men was climbing the hill from the landing, letting slip a rude word. The poor fellow was so chided by that look that he was hardly sociable all day. On Sabbath I attended divine service at their chapel, a neat building, used through the week for their school house. Mr. George Nobbs officiated as their chaplain; all was conducted in a very simple and impressive manner. They use the Episcopal forms. All came together, old and young, and all seemed to come to worship the Deity. The Sabbath attire of both sexes was much of our home fashions, the gentlemen wearing short blue navy jackets, all looking the picture of good health and countenances beaming with good cheer. I found great pleasure in conversing with Mr. Mathew Quintal, on their present and future prospects. They numbered, at that time, one hundred and two; he thinks their little spot will support from 1000 to 1500 individuals. They once removed to Tabiti, but soon returned again, fully satisfied with the experiment, and more in love with their little Island home than ever. George Adams, the father of the colony, had been dead some ten years; his little grandsons showed me into a neat enclosure to his grave, shaded by cocoanut and lime trees. A large wooden slab stood at the head of his grave, with a thick sheet of lead, his name and age inscribed

upon it, and by his side rests the remains of his wife. Mr. Q. states that the old gentleman possessed much decision of character; their lessons were given them in reading, spelling, and writing, and there was no apology, they must be got, or the penalty was sure. Parting with these kind people we found no easy task: even old grand mother Christian could hardly let us go. She and the little girls filled our bags with neatly picked fruit, and if I recollect, the old lady assisted to carry our traps to the brow of the hill: there we took affectionate leave of these dear Islanders, and hastened with the pilots to the boats. Years have passed away, but recollections of this visit are fresh as yesterday. May the Great Being "that spreads out the sea, and takes up the Isles thereof as a very little thing," long have favor in this little Sailor Colony.

LEVI HAYDEN.

Extracts of the Annual Report of the Charleston Port Society.

Presented March 15th, 1851.

THE CHURCH.

During the past year ten seamen have given evidence of a change, and a larger number left port under deep conviction. Our regular prayer meetings have been held every Friday evening, and rightly to appreciate the good of such meetings, it is necessary to be present to hear the simple but touching strains of supplication as they arise from the lips of the hardy sons of the ocean. One old sailor said, he thanked God that ever his steps had been turned towards these Bethel prayer meetings, for it was here that he first experienced the love of God shed abroad in his heart. A sailor remarked at one of these meetings, that he met a young sailor in Liverpool who acknowledged that he owed his advancement in his profession to the good resolutions he had formed in the Bethel meetings in Charleston.

There is an incident connected with the services of the Bethel, I cannot forbear introducing in this report. I had given notice that I would preach particularly to young seamen. During the sermon, I remarked two young sailors deeply affected, and after service

they met me at the door, and I invited them to go home with me, which they did. One of them told me he had left the home of a kind and indulgent mother, and having found himself in want through dissipation, had written home to his mother, and she sent him means, urging him at the same time to come home; but when he received the means he was ashamed to go, and still plunged deeper into dissipation, and upon several subsequent occasions, when brought to want, he would apply to his fond mother, and as often receive supplies. This course he pursued for several years, and again having applied to his mother for help, her only answer was, "Come home my long lost son." But said he, all this did not bring me to reflection. And not until I heard you in the Bethel, was I ever brought to realize my prodigal career. He remarked to me during his narrative, that it appeared to him that some one had related his exact case to me. Before he left he indulged a trembling hope, and in a few months was in the embrace of his fond and anxious mother, having in accordance with the promptings of his own heart, and urged by my advice, returned to his widowed mother's house. The other was the case of a young sailor, who stated to me, that he was the son of a clergyman, and had not seen his father for many years. He remained with me until near midnight, and as he attempted to relate to me his departure from the advice of one of the best of fathers, his speech became choked by his sobs, and particularly when he would refer to letters he had often received from an affectionate sister. He remarked, he dreaded leaving this port, for it was here he was first brought to reflection; he has been here once since, and is still striving to do right. His history is one which would make any one weep, and the Christian would rejoice to see the power of religion as it exerts its benign influence in bringing to the footstool of the Savior the penitent sailor.

Blest be that voice now heard afar,
O'er the dark rolling sea,
That whispers to the hardy tar,
Sailor there's hope for thee.

The Temperance cause still contin-

ues to claim the attention of seamen. The total number on the pledge book connected with the Mariner's Church, is nearly 6,000, and from the best information we are enabled to gain, about two-thirds remain true to the promise, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors. I have so often alluded to the great good this cause has done in our midst, that it is unnecessary to repeat it in this brief report. We have not unfrequently obtained the signatures of whole crews; and often one or two from British vessels would attend a meeting, and being induced to sign, would not rest satisfied until they had persuaded the remainder of their shipmates to come and sign the pledge, and we have frequently heard of these men after their return to England and Scotland, and Ireland, continuing steadfast, and not unfrequently we have received the heartfelt thanks of wives, mothers, and sisters, for having restored to them those who had been lost to them for several years. During the past winter in making enquiries concerning several, of one it would be said he is now a teetotal Captain; of another he is a mate; of another, he is a Dock Master; and of others, they continue to adorn the profession they made in Charleston.

The Marine Hospital continues to share a portion of my time in endeavoring to administer comfort and consolation to the sick and dying; and I trust those labors have not been in vain. Several cases of deep interest have occurred there this winter. A British sailor was found by your Chaplain in one of the wards with an incurable disease. A shipmate of his, who had been converted in the Bethel, became deeply interested in his case, and requested me to say something to this man about that preparation necessary for death. During my first interview, I found him under such deep conviction for sin, that from the weak state of his body, I had to make my interview very short. When I arose to leave him, he entreated me most earnestly that I should return very soon to see him. I found that he had had a pious mother, and had been brought up very piously. I continued to visit him, and had the satisfaction to

learn from him that he had no fears of death—that he could not be too thankful to his shipmate and myself for directing him to that Savior, who was now to him “the chief among ten thousands, and the one altogether lovely.” He died with a bright hope, and left a good testimony behind him.

The next is the case of a young sailor, in whose condition I felt more than common interest. He appeared to have enjoyed religious instruction in his youth; he could never speak of his mother without weeping. At first, the only thing which seemed to distress him, was, that he was deprived of the soothing attentions of an affectionate mother and kind sisters. After visiting him for several weeks, his mind seemed to be drawn to the subject of his soul's salvation. He became deeply distressed, and would often say, “Oh, dear sir, there can be no hope for me, for it was not for want of pious advice; for when I look back, and attempt to recall my mother's prayers, and her tears on my behalf, I am ready to sink in despair.” I endeavored to lead his mind to those portions of Scripture which were calculated to inspire the sinner with hope. At last had the satisfaction to find him an humble suppliant at the footstool of the blessed Savior. And to use his own language, “Oh, sir,” said he, “I have found the pearl of great price; I can now endure the separation from my earthly friends, for I have found one who sticketh closer than a brother.” A few days before his death he requested me to write to his mother, and say to her that her son had gone to glory, and that with his dying breath he had blessed her; and to go on in that blessed way in which she had so carefully endeavored to lead him—and that they would meet in heaven.

I cannot forbear alluding to a case which occurred a year or two ago, from the very singular manner in which I was first attracted to the side of his couch. I was engaged in conversation with a sailor, who was not expected to live many days; and while engaged in prayer, I heard from an adjoining couch the word *remorse*, which I found to proceed from a sailor, who seemed not to wish that he should be

seen, having his face concealed under the bed clothes. I paused a moment, and I again heard the word *remorse* repeated twice. I approached his bed, and affectionately enquired why he gave utterance to such a word. For some time he made no reply, and again I repeated my question; after a few moments, he exclaimed with a convulsive sob, “Oh, sir, *remorse*. I feel, sir, that it is all over with me, and there can be no hope for such a sinner as I have been.” I endeavored to engage him in conversation, and at last succeeded; we closed our interview, and he requested me to call the next day. On the next day I visited him, when he made to me a full disclosure of his past life. I found him to be one who had received a liberal education, but had several years ago left the parental roof much against the wishes and earnest solicitations of a kind and affectionate mother; and that since that time, his life had been one continued career of dissipation and vice; and not until he found himself the inmate of a common hospital, far from home and friends, did he permit himself to reflect upon the reckless course he had led. His whole history was one of deep interest, and conviction seemed to have fastened its arrow in his heart. I endeavored to direct his mind to the Savior, who I told him would prove his best friend for time and eternity. After frequent conversations, he made me the promise that he would lead a new life if he were spared. He did recover, and went to sea. I have seen him once or twice since, and I was happy to find that he continued to keep his promise.

Before leaving this part of my report, suffer me to introduce a few extracts from the testimony of the attending physicians of the Marine Hospital, to show what was the state of things in 1840, and the great improvement which has been accomplished during the past few years.

Dr. Strobel says in 1840, “I believe that the liquor vended in those establishments (namely, sailor boarding-houses), not unfrequently contain poisonous drugs. I would further add, that I have known death to result in more cases than one.”

Dr. Lee remarks, "From observation and enquiry, I am induced to believe that a large proportion of deaths among our seamen is dependent upon the quantity and quality of the liquor consumed by them in Elliott street. Nearly four-fifths of the patients admitted into the Marine Hospital come directly from this place, and it is almost invariably acknowledged by them that they have been drinking freely. I am firmly of the opinion that much of the spirits furnished them is drugged."

Dr. Cain, the present kind and attentive Physician of the Hospital, remarks as follows, under date Charleston, 18th April, 1851:

"That from October, 1847, (at which time I entered upon the discharge of my duties,) up to the 15th of the present month, a period of three years and a half, *seventeen* patients have been received. Of this number, fully three-fourths were admitted during the first year; the number regularly decreased during the subsequent year and a half, and I am happy to add that, from the 15th April, 1850, to 15th April, 1851, not a single case has been admitted.

"I do not know how many were admitted in years past under my predecessors, but should say, from what I have been told, that there is a notable decrease.

"It is much to be deplored, that a wholesale system of 'drugging' should be carried on by the keepers of the Seamen's Boarding Houses and Taverns. I am perfectly convinced, by the symptoms presented by a few of the cases which have fallen under my observation, that some poisonous drug had been introduced into the liquor sold to the unfortunate subjects, several of whom nearly succumbed to its effects.

"Can legislation not reach this class of persons, whereby a check might be put to such diabolical practices? I am, Rev. Sir, your ob't serv't,

D. J. CAIN.

VISITING THE SHIPPING—DISTRIBUTING BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, AND TRACTS.

I have continued to visit the shipping, as far as my other pressing duties would permit. In this department I could receive important assist-

ance from a judicious colporteur, who could distribute tracts, and invite seamen to the Bethel. I have continued to receive the kindest reception from all with whom I come in contact, and many have expressed their regrets that my multiplied duties will not permit me to devote more of my time to this portion of the field. I have, during the past year, distributed 24 bibles, 10 Testaments, 8 Prayer Books, and 60,000 pages of tracts.

Permit me here to introduce an incident connected with the tract entitled "A Kind Word from a Sister." A young man called upon me at my residence, and related to me his history, said that this tract which I had given him when he was last in port had awakened feelings in his bosom which he never could get rid of. During the relation of his history, which was an interesting one, he would repeatedly burst into tears, and exclaim, Oh, Sir! my conduct has already killed a dear and affectionate mother, and I never can forget the words of one of the kindest of sisters, as we looked upon the cold remains of our mother—for she said, "Oh William, will you not reform for my sake." I rushed from her presence, and have not been home for three years, although she has written to me often. But I have now determined to go, and if God will only spare so vile a wretch as I am, I will try to make amends to my dear and only sister. This man did return home, became reformed, and the last I heard of him, was doing well.

A SAILOR'S LETTER TO REV. WM. B. YATES.

Boston, July 28, 1850.

REV. SIR,—I embrace the first opportunity of writing to you according to promise. I was a seaman of the British ship *Swan*, the same young man that received the books from you the day we sailed. Sir, I have taken the liberty of writing to you, to inform you that I am steadfast to the pledge; at present I belong to the Royal Mail Ship *Asia*, where there are inducements enough to tempt me to break, were I so inclined, for there is grog served out daily; but, Sir, when I look back upon the injury grog has done me, and the great good you are striving to do for

our class of society, I consider it is my duty not only to refrain from it myself, but to induce others to do the same. I am, Sir, but 26 years of age; out of that time I have been eleven years at sea; in that time I have been 4 years Chief Officer of a ship, and my last voyage as such I would have got charge of the ship, but for behaviour of my own through the effects of drink. I have merely mentioned this, Sir, to show that it matters not how secretly a man may try to tittle, in some manner he will be discovered. Sir, when our ship's company went up to be paid off, I heard the owner repeat that he had never seen a more sober and respectable ship's company in his employ; when we were paid off in Liverpool, most of them went into an ale-house to settle some accounts of their own. The landlord came to know what they would have: *Ginger Pop*: what, said the landlord, just paid off and drink *Ginger Pop*! I never heard of such a thing. Sir, although the little Charleston Bethel has not a steeple to make it loom to the eye, its praises are sounded some thousand miles from you, Sir, and should any seamen from Charleston think proper to call at my mother's, No. 44 Lower Parliament street, Liverpool, they will see four of your pledges, handsomely framed, the brightest ornaments in the parlor, and besides that Sir, I have a Teetotal Pledge book with 13 names in it, when I left home, 7 females for life, and 6 males, some for a limited time.

Your very humble servant,

WM. RITCHIE.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Sailor's Home.

Much has been said and written in regard to the expediency of trying to sustain Sailor's Homes, (properly so called) because of the opposition made against them by all classes who are most interested to keep the sailor in his degradation, and because some of the strongest friends of these institutions have found their faith wavering, having to contend not only with the open and declared hostility of the enemies of reform among sailors, but also with the more dangerous timidity of

the professed friends of these and similar institutions for the improvement of their physical and moral condition. But I am more convinced than ever before of the importance of having established in every port, boarding houses of a respectable and more attractive character to which seamen may resort, and where the influence shall be such as will elevate the character and inspire with self-respect. Hitherto myself, in common with many others, have had a wrong impression as to what a Sailor's Home really was. I had associated in my mind, as the meaning of the term, an asylum or sort of pauper house, which only the poor destitute sailor was qualified to enter; but having for the last year or two felt more interest in this subject, I have enquired into its real character and object, and have wondered at my own ignorance and blindness in regard to such a useful and respectable institution. And for the enlightening of a number of friends who have entertained the same ideas that I formerly did, and who have not the opportunity of personally visiting the Sailor's Home in your city, I will give them the result of my own observations and enquiries: A little more than a year ago I made a visit to the Sailor's Home, expecting to see the "halt and the blind," and perhaps a number of sick and diseased sailors, who had been deserted by all but the true friends of seamen, gathered together, and having their wants attended to in a good Samaritan like manner. Having introduced myself to the superintendent of the house, and stating my desire to visit the home, and see how it was conducted, I was invited most cordially to go with him, and satisfy myself of the character of the house and its inmates. On going into the main hall we found ourselves surrounded by as fine and noble a set of men as ever trod the deck of any ship, men of stalwart frame and form, with countenances browned, by exposure to the suns and storms of many a foreign clime, walking erect in all the dignity of men, who not only respect themselves, but claim and have the respect of those with whom they meet. A man cannot help feeling more of the dig-

nity of manhood while looking on such men. Passing through, we came to the reading-room and museum, two fine large and commodious rooms, with long tables covered with the newspapers of the day, and all sorts of good books which are principally presented to the library by the authors of them, and others who feel the importance of giving a good literature to sailors. Here were a number of men and boys engaged in reading, and seemingly enjoying the advantages which were provided for their benefit. Passing out from thence we took a peep into the smoking room, a room set apart for that purpose; and by the way, if any are curious to hear a sailor's yarn in ship-shape-style, the smoke room is the place, there lounging easily free from care, and enjoying the luxury of a full pipe, his mind reverts to the scenes he has passed through in storm and calm; and if you are at all familiar in conversation you can soon get at the story of his life, and can hear of daring exploits and dangerous scenes, and many a romance or love tale in which he has figured; but these must be heard from their lips, told in their inimitable way to be appreciated. After stopping here a few minutes we passed up to the lodging rooms, and here I can say, I have seen order and neatness in many a country cottage and splendid houses, but rarely have I found more order and neatness than I saw in passing through 70 or 80 sleeping rooms in this house, considering the peculiarities of those who occupied them. While commenting upon the regularity and order observed every where, a sudden clattering, such as I sometimes have heard in the country, in trying the effect of music to induce a refractory swarm of bees to take possession of a hive prepared for them, came sounding through the hall, and in answer to my astonished look, the obliging host informed me the gong has sounded for dinner, and won't you dine with us? I gladly accepted the invitation from a two-fold motive; one was to satisfy the demands of hunger, and the other to satisfy my more thoroughly aroused curiosity to see more the manner of conducting the house.

We descended to the dining room which is a large oblong room, capable of accommodating 250 or 300 persons at the tables, and I can say that among the same number of men, say about 80, I never saw more order and propriety of conduct, and I think there are few of our most respectable and fashionable hotels that can compare with the Home in regard to correctness of conduct. I cannot tell how much I was pleased and agreeably disappointed on my first visit to the Sailor's Home. I enquired how is this, I supposed that most of your boarders were men of infirm age or disabled by sickness or accidents from engaging in active service. The reply was, "The men you see come here because they get good accommodations and are secure from the temptations they meet in too many boarding houses, to drunkenness and debauchery, and they feel that it is more respectable for them, and that their property is safe, and they find those who can sympathize with them in all their troubles, and can get such advice as will benefit them in every sense." None are ever turned away on account of poverty—honest poverty. There are hundreds who come to the home destitute in every sense, who are provided with comfortable clothes and board, and then shipped by the exertions of the superintendent. There are many men who frequent low boarding houses in different parts of the city, who go and deposit their money with the cashier of the house for safe keeping. Further comment is unnecessary.

VISITOR.

Captain Obadiah Corgar.

At the age of thirty-one this remarkable shipmaster first began to *live*. His own account of the beginning of his new life is as follows:—"Early on Sunday morning, the 3d of January, 1802, my mind was more than usually impressed with the importance of having an interest in the Redeemer's blood; and feeling my helpless condition I was led to seek God with my whole soul that he would pardon my many transgressions, and heal a polluted

mind, and teach me the way of life. Such were my exercises that I rose to prayer before day, and then went down stairs to make a fire. While employed in this office I began to sing,—

"Come hither all ye weary souls,"

At this time my soul seemed overcome with a sense of my great unworthiness, and of the adorable perfections of Jehovah. These wrought upon my mind so that I burst into tears. I again went on my knees, imploring the divine direction that I might not be deceived, and that I might be preserved from offending God any more. This was a pleasant Sabbath to me. If I be not deceived I could truly say, one day in the courts of the Lord is better than a thousand elsewhere. My mind seemed to soar above the things of time and sense and hold converse with heaven."

We speak of him as *remarkable*, chiefly because from this time, till his 81st year, he stood on shipboard and on shore as a pillar of light among his brethren of the sea.

Pious seamen were very rare in his day. His autobiography, with memorials of his life, edited by Rev. Henry T. Cheever, has recently been published by the Messrs. Harper of New York. It is an attractive volume of 226 pages, and will be read with much interest and profit.

Agreeably to the instructions of Capt. Congar, as expressed in his will, one thousand copies have been furnished the American Seamen's Friend Society, for gratuitous distribution among seamen. May many of them be thereby led to embrace the same Savior, experience the same spiritual change, exert a similar influence, and enter the same blissful rest.

Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society,
Concord, N. H.

Through Miss Allison, the obliging Secretary, we have received the Twenty-first Annual Report of this

efficient Society. Of the one hundred ladies who have been connected with this Society, some have fallen asleep, some have removed to other parts of the country, while a faithful band remains to labor in the cause of the sailor and to rejoice over the pleasing results.—With the Report came a handsome donation. We can find room only for the briefest extract:

"Is there one heart interested in this benevolent enterprise, that can witness the success which has attended the efforts made for the temporal and eternal welfare of the tempest-tossed mariner, without emotions of joy and gratitude? Is there one that does not see in that success the hand of Him who made the sea, who stretcheth out the heavens, who telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names, and who dwelleth with the humble and contrite one, though that one may have been a poor, degraded sailor? Is there one that does not behold in the rich harvest now gathered from the sea, the dawning of Millennial glory?—the day when, upon the canvass that whitens every sea, "Holiness unto the Lord" shall be inscribed?"

Indians Judging Ministers.

Some years ago, three American ministers went to preach to the Cherokee Indians. One preached very deliberately and coolly, and the chiefs held council to know whether the Great Spirit spoke to them through that man, and they declared he did not, because he was not so much engaged as their head men were in the national concerns. Another spoke to them in a most vehement manner, and they again determined in council that the Great Spirit did not speak to them through that man, because he was mad. The third preached to them in an earnest and fervent manner; and they agreed that the Great Spirit might speak to them through that man, because he was both earnest and affectionate. The last was ever after kindly received.

New York, August, 1851.

New Chaplaincies Established.

It was announced in the Annual Report presented in May, that as soon as practicable a Chaplain to Seamen would be stationed in the port of San Francisco. Finding the number of vessels there to exceed the number now in the port of New York, between 400 and 600 all the time, (some of them are used as store ships) and that 1733 vessels manned by 25,000 or 26,000 men had entered from foreign ports within a year; finding moreover, that where there was but a single steamer two years ago last March, when the first one ruffled the peaceful Bay of San Francisco, there are now 45, manned by 500 or 600 men, the Board of the American Seamen's Friend Society could no longer hesitate about occupying this field by an efficient Chaplain. Accordingly, they have appointed the Rev. Eli Corwin, and through Mr. Spaulding, one of the Secretaries, gave him their instructions on Sabbath evening, June 22, in the 13th Presbyterian Church, New York. Mr. Corwin is expected to sail for his destination in a few days.

The Board having had repeated applications for a Chaplain at Panama and Taboga, an island in the Bay, have also appointed Mr. Joseph Rowell to this station. He, too, is expected soon to enter a field of present and prospective great importance. There being no Protestant minister of the gospel in Pana-

ma, and the government of New Grenada having recently enacted laws for religious toleration, he will be expected to divide his labors between the dwellers on the land and on the sea. He will represent in this work the American and Foreign Christian Union as well as the American Seamen's Friend Society.

The friends of seamen will rejoice in these movements and will not fail to do more than say, "Be ye warmed, and be ye filled."

Acknowledgment.

The undersigned gratefully acknowledges the kind services of the Rev. T. E. Taylor, Seamen's Chaplain at Lahaina, S. I.; and Dr. Dow, Physician at the Hospital, in attending on his sick and dying son while with them, and in disinterring his remains and shipping them for burial at home. His hearty thanks are also tendered to Captain Seth Nickerson, of the whale ship "Massachusetts," of New Bedford, for bringing the same home. All these offices of kindness, having been performed without charge, demand and receive such thanks as spontaneously burst from the afflicted and grateful hearts of the parents of the deceased.

JOHN MILES,
Bethel Chaplain.

Albany, N. Y., June 17, 1851.

Bible Distribution—the Contrast

In distributing Bibles among seamen, I have often been painfully impressed with the conduct of some, who, for the time being, have

charge of the vessel and men. In some cases the Captains and Officers will not permit the men to stop long enough from their work, to receive the Word of God. Some Captains have said (although they knew that I brought the Bible to give away, or to sell at mere cost to those able to pay,) "I do not wish any one to peddle books to the men when they are at work." What a contrast to this is the course which some Captains and Officers pursue. When I go on board of their vessels, and make known my object, they purchase what they want for their own use, and call the crew together and tell them that now is the time to buy a Bible *at cost*. If the seamen have no money they offer to advance to them the necessary amount that they might not give that excuse for not owning the Word of God. In some cases the Captains have bought Bibles, and presented them to the crew themselves. In this manner a crew of six or more, is often supplied in five minutes.

Boston Seaman's Friend Society.

The twenty-third anniversary of this Society was held at Tremont Temple, on Wednesday A. M., at eleven o'clock. Alpheus Hardy, Esq., presided, and prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Jenks, after which the report was read by Rev. Mr. Bourne, Seaman's Chaplain. He gave an account of the Sailor's Home, number of boarders, and religious influences of the Home, and the strong attachment of the sailors to this truly domestic and religious home. The Chaplain's room continues to be a place of resort by many. There personal conversation is held with the sailors, and many important and affecting disclosures are made of individual experience. Some of these conversations were related.

Receipts, \$2,851.49. Expenses, \$3,382.97, leaving due to the Treasurer, \$531.48.

Rev. Mr. Spaulding, Secretary of the Parent Society, at New York,

made some statements. Thirty years ago the problem whether seamen could be converted was not solved. Only three ministers then preached the gospel to seamen, viz.: Stafford in New York, Jenks in Boston, and Eastburn in Philadelphia. The history of the first formation of the Seaman's Society, was briefly related, and the progress of public sentiment was shown.

Some thirty years ago there was but one Bethel for seamen, now there are many. Then there were no "homes" for these people, now there are half a hundred homes, some of them noble monuments of Christian philanthropy. Thirty years ago a proposition to establish a savings bank for seamen would have been laughed at. Now one in Wall-street, New York, has more than \$5,000,000 in its vaults, more than one million of which is the money of seamen. Mr. Spaulding gave interesting facts in regard to improvements in the temperance of seamen, their observance of the Sabbath, mode of shipping sailors, religion on ship-board, the literature of the sea, mode of discipline, the abolition of the barbarous practice of flogging, &c. Also great progress had been made, it was shown, in the establishment of chaplaincies in foreign countries. At the present time, the Society are seeking for a chaplain for the principal port of the land of gold. Another chaplain is to be established in China, (Shanghai,) as soon as the means can be furnished.

An extract was read from a letter just received from Rev. Mr. Damon, just arrived from Honolulu, but who was too ill to address the meeting. The letter gave some accounts of the cause in Honolulu, and the happy fruits of the gospel in that part were related.

Rev. A. A. Willits, of Philadelphia, addressed the meeting. He said he shared the disappointment of the audience, in not hearing Rev. Mr. Damon, for twelve years Chaplain at the Sandwich Islands.

Some years ago there arose on our coast one of those gales so fatal to our shipping. The storm occasioned deep interest in one little town, whose inhabitants had a noble ship in the distance. As night closed in, deep anxiety was felt. The ship was in peril! land-locked, as sailors say. A company of men volunteered to go to her aid. They started out of the harbor, and now deeper distress was felt, as the little bark bounded off. They reached the ship, but a pilot was refused. They started back, but soon heard a signal gun. On returning, the captain told him the reason why a pilot had been refused. A most graphic and exciting picture was drawn of the way in which the noble pilot brought the ship safe into harbor, and of the intense emotions of gratitude of the captain and sailors, who had been saved by the steady and skilful bearing of the pilot.

The fact was given to show what the sailor is at home, and to contradict the impressions of him, as he is often seen knocking about, and kicked about, on our shores. We have done the sailor a wrong, and the speaker thanked God that the mistake had been seen. A nobler craft, in the shape of humanity, was never seen. The misfortune has been, that he has had a false pilot on board, a pilot that has misguided him, and shipped him, and run him aground.

We are just waking up to the idea that the sailor is a man. And what an idea is that. Why we cross the ocean to see pyramids, and temples, and glass palaces, but a man is nobler than they all. He is the noble inventor and creator of all these. A noble craft is he.

Let us consider for whose sake this craft is endangered. It is for us, for our comfort, wealth, luxury. We can afford to take care of this craft, to keep it in good condition, and to guide it safely. Considerations which ought to move us to benefit and bless the sailor, were most strikingly and powerfully illustrated, and by illustrations and

appeals that deeply affected the audience. The luxury and the blessedness of doing good was shown by facts which made the truth intensely vivid, and seemed to make all wonder that they had not acted up to this great privilege. No report short of an exactly verbal one, and that accompanied with the speaker's beaming and earnest face, his own bursting emotions, and a tone and manner fit for such emotions, and such an occasion, could do any justice to his efforts. The impression and fruits of this report, will not be lost.

Dr. Lyman Beecher next appeared upon the stage. He said he used to be thought a man of common sense, but what could the man do that cometh after the king. He should not attempt to make a speech, after what had been heard. God forbid. But he would say that the speech that had just been made, must be paid for. And the first condition of payment is, that we believe it all. Then we must remember it. And we must obey it. Dr. B. then offered the concluding prayer, and the services were closed with the Doxology in Old Hundred.
—*Boston Paper.*

Religion at Sea.

Extract from the Diary of a Sea-Captain on a voyage to California.

"MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1850.—Yesterday being Sabbath, we had a very good meeting, I think I enjoyed the season very much, and I cannot but hope that the crew felt in some degree interested. O! that God would set home divine truth upon their minds, and make our feeble efforts to worship him, instrumental to the salvation of some of my poor people, who are yet out of the 'Ark of Safety.' God forbid that I should cry *peace* to any poor soul if God has not spoken *peace* to him; but when I daily witness how deeply interested William J—— seems to be in our re-

ligious exercises, especially in our meetings, and in the *tracts* that I give him, and when I notice with how much propriety he conducts himself from day to day under all circumstances, I cannot but hope that he has already 'found Him, of whom Moses in the Law, and the Prophets did write;' and I cherish the hope that all my crew think more favorably of religion than they did when we left home.

"In the many voyages that I have made to different parts of the world, how often have I prayed that out of the many persons who from time to time compose my crew, *one* person if no more might be born into the kingdom of God's dear Son while sailing with me; that I might be permitted to rejoice over at least *one* sinner that repenteth; and that some *one* poor wanderer might find the Saviour precious to his soul while he was with me, and under my command; but I began to think that God designed otherwise, and I should never enjoy such a blessing. Now I trust that two of my crew have been brought out of darkness into light, and if so, God has been better to me than I dared to hope. I suppose I hardly need tell you that one of the men above alluded to is William J.——. Since what I wrote two weeks ago concerning him, he has seemed to take a deeper and still *deeper* interest in religious exercises, and I think no one on board, even those who try to appear most unconcerned, pretends to doubt William's sincerity. I do not often have an opportunity to speak to a man personally and alone, but this morning I spoke a few words to him, and found that he is now indulging the hope that since we left home he found the Saviour precious to his soul. From what I have seen of his daily conduct I cannot but hope that he has passed from *death* unto *life*.

"*April 29th.*—Now we have not an air of wind from any quarter. I wish you and brother——could have been here yesterday, and then you would know whether you could enjoy a Sabbath at sea. I will tell

you how *we* spent the Sabbath.—The day was nearly calm throughout. At 8 o'clock, A. M., the crew assembled in the cabin, and a chapter from the New Testament was read, some remarks made upon it, followed by prayer, then each one disposed of himself as he thought proper during the forenoon.—Throughout the ship, both forward and aft, the most perfect quiet and stillness reigned. There was no loud talking, no laughing, indeed no noise of any kind; but nearly every one might be seen seated by himself, reading the Bible or some other religious book; and it did seem to me that 'these peaceful hours of sacred rest,' as observed by my crew upon the bosom of the mighty deep, exhibited a fit emblem of that rest which remains for the people of God; and the boundless ocean which surrounded us was calculated to fill the mind with awe and thoughts of the great Creator. Thus the time, the place and circumstances, all seemed inviting us to come together and engage in prayer and praise to that Almighty Being who is God of the sea as well as of the dry land. At 2, P.M. we met together in the cabin. First, we had some introductory remarks and a hymn, then a chapter from the Bible and prayer; then we had one of Mr. Barnes's *best* sermons read, after which liberty was given for remarks. Several gave appropriate and solemn exhortations, and these were followed by a very feeling prayer. The exercises seemed to grow more and still more interesting; but as our meeting had already held somewhat longer than usual, I felt obliged to bring it to a close, lest some who felt less interest might grow weary. This I was reluctant to do, for I felt as if I could truly say with the poet—

'My willing soul would *stay* in such a frame
as this.'

"Poor William had to stay on deck to keep the wheel and look after the ship. This I was sorry for; but he told me afterwards that as it fell calm he lashed the wheel,

and managed to hear nearly all that was said."

William J.——, spoken of above, was a native of Norway, without relations in this country.—After arriving at Sacramento he went into the mines; but though of a robust constitution, he soon fell before the disease so fatal there, and was brought out to the city to his faithful friend, the captain, with whom he died. What *gratitude* must have mingled with this Captain's sorrow, when permitted to see this young man yield up his spirit *rejoicing in the Lord*, and to feel that his own faithfulness on ship-board, by the blessings of God, had led him to Christ.—*Christian Mirror*.

Pembroke, N. H.

Maine Seamen's Union.

The General Conference of Maine assembled at Yarmouth on the 24th of June. On this occasion several of the benevolent Institutions of the State celebrated their Anniversaries. We cut from the "Mirror" the following account of meeting of the Maine Seamen's Union:

Rev. Dr. Pond presided, and expressed the decided conviction, that a deeper interest should be felt in the spiritual welfare of seamen by the good people of this State—especially when it is remembered what a long extent of seacoast we have, and how great a proportion of our citizens are navigators, or in some way engaged in doing business on the great waters.

Rev. E. F. Cutter moved the acceptance of the Report; and in a speech of most touching and impressive eloquence, which awakened the tenderest feelings of the soul, pleaded for seamen, till many an eye was bedimmed with tears. [We depended on another hand for a sketch of this address; and still hope to receive it, as its happy influence would not at all depend on its publication in this connection. As an independent article, it must prove signally effective.]

Rev. Mr. Adams, of Gorham, seconded the resolution. He remarked, that there was an additional tie that bound together both the land and the sea—alluding to the beautiful figure of the preceding speaker, who represented the mother as sitting by the hill side and watching the rill that was moving on to the sea, and thinking, perhaps, that it might strike the bark that bore her sailor boy on the deep. Mr. A. remarked, that there was another medium of communication more direct, and more sure of results. That mother could go to her closet add commune with One, who, while he listened to her prayer, was present with an omniscient eye to watch over that absent child and to uphold and sustain him in every peril, in answer to a mother's prayer. This opened a direct and speedy communication between the land and the sea—though friends were severed by distance, they were brought together and held in communion by the Spirit of God through prayer and faith. This was the comfort of the Christian mother, and this was her hope, as she thought of her son far away on the deep. It was doubtless owing to this, that so many sons of the ocean have become the subjects of divine grace. Within the last few years, God has shown his wonders upon the sea; for when the drought has been felt upon the land, the showers of God's grace have fallen upon those who were far away upon the billow.

Mr. A. remarked that this was an encouragement to Christian mothers, and to all others interested in the cause of Christ—and in the State of Maine this interest is not to be confined to the seaboard; for her 30,000 seamen are brought from the farm-houses and the work-shops of the wide spread hills. The feeling should therefore be universal, and the prayer should be fervent and constant that the Spirit of God would descend upon the sons of the ocean, and that every fore-castle and every cabin might be vocal with praises to God.

Valparaiso Chaplaincy.

DEAR BROTHER.

I have lately heard of the departure of Mr. Damon from Honolulu for the United States. His services have been very valuable, and I trust the reception he will encounter at home will be that of one whose labor has been appreciated. I trust he will be able to return to his post again soon.

Here the course of events is very quiet. We are on the eve of the elections for President. General Bulnes, who has filled that office during two successive terms of five years each, is ineligible for a third term, and goes out in July. At the close of June the vote is to be taken.

Mr. Urmenta, a native of this country, who, educated at Brown's University, Providence, is now, what in the United States is called, Secretary of the Treasury. He has been adopting some very valuable reforms of late in the Custom House laws and duties. By these articles of prime necessity, raw materials, mechanics' and farmers' tools, and ships stores are to be free of duty entirely. Also as a nearly general rule, where duties are charged, they are to be at the uniform rate of 25 per cent. Mr. U.'s services have been of immense value for the commercial prospects of the country. It is to be wished a similar energy might be employed in improving the religious arrangements of the country, so as to effect the better instruction of the people in the duties and doctrines of the Christian life.

One or two cases of pleasant interest have lately come under my notice, as your chaplain, which will I think interest your readers. First, a young man, captain of a vessel, who has been running on this coast for some years, and whom I have known a good while, called on me for Bibles and Tracts to distribute. I was a little surprised, for though I had known him to be a person of fair life respecting religion, yet he had shown no inclination for spi-

ritual piety. However, he took the books, and after a short voyage returned to see me again. I now found that he was unusually regular at church, and also came to the meeting for prayer. He said he wished to make a donation, now, to the Bible Society, which he did, of twelve dollars, from his earnings. Further he expressed his sorrow that so few were willing to come and hear the word of God preached. And on the night previous to his sailing he told me, it was the evening of the Lord's day, that his owners had proposed to him to sail that day, but he had told them it was now against his principles to sail on the Sabbath, and he hoped they would excuse him from doing so. They at first asked why, thinking he might be prejudiced about it, as some are about sailing on Friday, and others on Monday. These gentlemen were natives of the country and it was to be feared they would not appreciate his strict opinions; but it proved quite the contrary, for, he said, as soon as they understood that it was a matter of religious principle with him, at once they told him he might wait until Monday. So that in the end he found that a candid confession of duty, while it was most faithful to Christ, was most easy for himself. I hope the number of such Sabbath-keeping shipmasters may increase here.

Another from good old Scotland has lately been called to lie down in death among us. He was a young man, but while not too young to die, neither had he thought himself too young to make his peace with God through Christ while in health and at home. He had attended our chapel. His illness was of the lungs, short and rapid. He was not able to say much more than to signify that he fully entered into the great points of guilt, new obedience, atonement and pardon. He died in apparently complete peace, to the last sensible, and shewing that his hope did not in the trying hour put his soul to shame. Visits to deathbeds are generally among my saddest duties,

but to visit such as this is a delightful service and a privilege. At the burial a large concourse, of shipmasters chiefly, gathered, on whose attention I pressed the example of the deceased.

The American Hospital has lately been removed to a superior building; in it there are about thirty men. They almost always thank me for papers, tracts, books, etc., when I go to see them. On a late visit I found one old black man reading out of a pocket Bible to two others, who were listening to him.

I cannot but mourn, however, that so many of those who come here in ships, cannot be persuaded to enter the house of God at all.

A few love the place and the tidings, but the majority pass indifferently by. Yours truly,

D. TRUMBULL.

Valparaiso, May 24th, 1851.

Rio de Janeiro Chaplaincy.

The Rev. E. Corwin, who was appointed as Seamen's Chaplain at this station, has been transferred to San Francisco. Arrangements are in progress for filling his place as soon as the yellow fever has abated on the coast of Brazil.

A Card.

In behalf of the crew of the U. S. brig Dolphin, I would respectfully return thanks to Rev. B. W. Whilden, and the Rev. Wm. Spear, of the Canton Mission, and Rev. S. C. Damon, Seamen's Chaplain, Honolulu, for their kindness in supplying us with books and Christian advice during our late cruise round the world.

In behalf of the crew,

ISAAC BREVOORT,

Late Surgeon's Steward.

New York, July 5, 1851.

Account of Monies.

Acknowledgment of receipts by the American Bethel Society, July 1st., 1851.

THOMAS FARNHAM,

Treasurer.

Albany, 4th Pres. Chh.,	\$34.58.	Pruyn &	
Vosburgh, 10,	-	-	\$ 44 58
Amboy,	-	-	50
Amsterdam, D. M'Martin, L. M., 10.	I. Individual, 9.46,	-	19 46
Augusta Cong'l Chh., by Rev. O. Bartholomew,	-	-	20 31
Buffalo, 1st Pres. Chh., 130.	Layette	-	
st. Chh., 19,	-	-	149 00
Camillus	-	-	3 62
Castleton Pres. Chh.,	-	-	30 00
Cato	-	-	5 75
Clinton, Pars. and Prof. of Hamilton College,	-	-	6 00
Colchester, Sarah Downs,	-	-	20 00
Corning Pres. Chh.,	-	-	13 29
Elbridge Cong'l Chh., 7.17.	Bap. Ch, 3.03	10 20	
Elmira Pres. Chh., 40.10.	Cong'l, 15.00	55 10	
Fayetteville, 20.45.	Bap. 24	44 45	
Fleming Union meeting	-	-	5 40
Genoa 1st Pres. Chh.,	-	-	9 11
Gloversville, Rev. David Corwin, 5.00,	-	-	
S. S. Mills, 5 00	-	-	10 00
Huron Pres. Chh., by Rev. R. Dunning,	-	-	11 00
Ithaca Bap. Chh.,	-	-	8 07
Johnstown, Hon. Daniel Cady,	-	-	10 00
Jonesville Meth. Epis. Chh.,	-	-	11 00
Kingsboro, S. G. Hildreth, L. M.	-	-	5 00
Newburg, Friends for Chaplain on the Hudson River,	-	-	99 00
Nunda Pres. Chh.,	-	-	23 00
New York Friends,	-	-	35 00
Oriskany,	-	-	5 00
Painted Post Pres. Chh.,	-	-	6 08
Penfield Bap. Chh.,	-	-	8 77
Ripley Pres. "	-	-	17 25
Rome " " " 58.10.	Meth. Epis. Chh., 34.	Bap. Chh., 10	102 10
Schenactady, Mr. Hood, to cons. Rev. J. T. R. Taylor, L. M.	-	-	5 00
Scipio Pres. Chh.,	-	-	6 50
Silver Creek Pres. Chh.,	-	-	10 00
Syracuse, 1st Pres. Ch. 73.00.	Cong'l Chh. 17.06	-	90 00
Troy 2d st. Pres Chh., 15.00.	St. John's Epis. Chh., 15.00.	Cash, 4 50.	34 50
Utica Baptist Chh.,	-	-	13 90
Vernon "	-	-	23 10
" Centre	-	-	10 35
Webster,	-	-	12 00
Whitesboro,	-	-	31 00
Friends on boats,	-	-	3 00
			\$1,035 59

From June 15th to July 15th, 1851.

*Directors for Life by the Payment of
Fifty Dollars.*

M. O. Roberts, New York, (amt. ackld. below.)

*Members for Life by the Payment of
Twenty Dollars.*

Calvin Baldwin, by Central Pres. Ch.

Newark, N. J., - - - 33 87

Mrs. Lydia Ann Churchill, by Ladies S.

F. Society, Lyme, N. H. - - - 20 00

Rev. Charles H. Pierce, by Ladies S. F.

Society, Andover, Mass., - - - 20 00

Deacon Jacob Dunscomb, do do 20 00

Mrs. Sally Bailey, do do 20 00

Mrs. Hannah B. Abbott do do 20 00

Captain Charles Bell, by First Pres.

Ch., Orange, N. J. (amt. acknowledged below.)

Rev James French, by Ladies S. F. Scty.,

Exeter, N. H., - - - 20 00

Miss Sarah A. Rowland, do do 20 00

Mrs. William H. Cobbs, do do 20 00

Mrs. Lucinda Robinson, do do 20 00

Miss Elizabeth A. Chadwick, do do 20 00

Miss George Ann Lowe, do do 25 09

Edward Bigelow, by Richard Bigelow,
N. Y. (amt. ackld. below.)

Benjamin L. De Forest, by George De
Forest, N. Y. (amt. ackld. below.)

Mrs. Mary E. Lockwood, by George R.
Lockwood, New York, (amt. ackld.
below.)

Erskine Norman White, N. Y., by his
father, do

Theodore F. McCurdy, by R. H. Mac
Curdy, do do

Mrs. Lydia F. Stillwell, Providence, R.
I., by A. G. S. (in part.) acknowledged
below.

James G. Skinner, Hartford, Ct., by his
mother, (amt. ackld. below.)

Rev. Henry Dater, by Refd. Dutch Ch.,
Branchville, N. J. (balance.) - - - 8 00

Mrs. T. P. Gillett, Branford, Ct., by a
Friend, - - - 25 00

Timothy G. Jerome, Bloomfield, Ct.,
do - - - 25 60

Miss Elizabeth P. Goodwin, by Ladies
S. F. Socy., Hartford, Ct. - - - 20 00

Miss Susan Howland, do do 20 00

Miss Emma Bunce, do do 20 00

Rev. J. M. Reid, by Meth. Epis. Ch.,
Middletown, Ct., - - - 22 25

Donations.

From a Friend to the cause, - - - 5 00

First Pres. Ch., Orange, N. Y., - - - 41 13

Second do. do. - - - 43 19

Sam'l W. Rowe, Groton, Mass., - - - 1 00

Female Relief Soc'y, Northampton, Mass., 5 00

Mercer Street Pres. Church, New York. viz.

Richard Bigelow, - - - \$20 00

George B. De Forest, - - - 20 00

James Boorman, - - - 100 00

John L. Mason, - - - 10 00

M. O. Roberts, - - - 50 00

Thomas Denny, - - - 10 00

George R. Lockwood, - - - 20 00

J. F. Worth, - - - 10 00

Norman White, - - - 20 00

Mrs. L. Corning, - - - 20 00

R. H. McCurdy, - - - 20 00

W. W. Chester, - - - 15 00

J. F. Sheffield, - - - 10 00

Stephen Allen, - - - 25 00

Wm. G. Bull, - - - 20 00

B. F. Butler, - - - 10 00

Mrs. Bronson, \$25 for shipwrecked

sailors, - - - 50 00

Mrs. De Forest - - - 20 00

A. G. Phelps, - - - 20 00

E. H. Blatchford, - - - 10 00

Sundry Individuals, - - - 128 25-608 25

Josiah Foster, Southampton, N. Y. 3 00

Rev. J. French's Society, Northampton,

N. H. - - - 14 40

Pres. Ch., Connecticut Farms, N. J. 20 00

James Butcher, Richmond, Ohio, 1 00

R. M. Larned, Providence, R. I., 16 00

Wm. T. Dorr nce, " " 10 00

High street Church, " 42 41

Richmond st. " " 104 25

Third Baptist, " " 26 78

Rev. J. P. Cleaveland, D. D., 5 00

Friends " " 2 50-200 94

North Cong'l Soc'y, Hartford, Ct., - 92 07

A Friend, New York, - - - 75 00

Calvanistic Cong'l Soc'y, Worcester,

Mass. \$50 from Mrs. E. Salisbury, 140 03

Rev. T. A. Lovejoy, Hamden, Ct., - 1 00

Rev. Ezekiel Rich, Deep River, Ct., 1 00

First Cong'l Soc'y, Middletown, Ct. 53 21

Ref. Dutch Church, Readington, N. J., 32 00

A Friend, New London, Ct., - 3 00

Secoud Cong'l Soc'y, New London, \$50

from H. P. H., \$10 from R. H. C.,

\$5 from B. F. B. - - - 140 00

Cong'l Soc'y, Wolcotville, Ct., - 8 00

E. Hull, " " - 5 00

Ladies Benev. Soc'y, Edward's Church,

Northampton, Mass., - - - 18 69

Gentlemen's Benev. Society, Edward's

Church, do., - - - 15 75

J. C. Manning, Sparta, Tenn., - 1 00

From R. B. Chapman, Morristown, N. J., 2 00

First Pres. Ch, New York. 223 00

Total \$2,152 0

Sailor's Home, N. Y.

From Female Relief Soc'y, Northampton,
Mass., 1 comfortable, 1 bed quilt, 4 shirts, 3 pair
pillow cases, 4 sheets, 2 pair socks